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A MESSAGE

MARIE MALMQUIST

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VERSE

By

MARIE MALMQUIST

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DEDICATION.

Dedicated to Humanity at large.

M. MALMQUIST.

A Message.

A message is entrusted to my care,—
A simple one, as beautiful as rare.
'Twas given me, to flowery rhyme inclined,
The same in thought though different in kind.
I know not how it came. I give it—
Just as it is 'twas given me to give it.
I know not how! I only know it came.
I send it to you in The Sender's Name!

CONTENTS

Dedication

A Message (Preface)

The Little Lad of Nazareth 13
His Youth 14
His Manhood 15
His Message 16
I Find Him Truer Than His Word 17
He Knows Your Need, Dear Heart 18
You Cannot Conquer Love 19
Can You Wonder at the Joy Which Fills My Heart? 20
His Patience Knew No Bounds 21
Love's Gift 22
Simply Happy 23
Love 24
Faith 25
Daily Service 26
Song 27
Arrows 28
Hope 29
Charity 30
Drillers of Wells 31
Wheels Within Wheels 33
Billows of Rest 35
A Message 36
Salvation 37
In Flight 39

Thoughts 42
Widening Circles 43
Ruth 44
Error 49
Never Fear, We Are Near 50
Wedding Poem 51
You and I 53
Hymnal 55
The Waterlily 56
First Copy 58
Morning Worship in a Country Church 59
A Melody 62
The Fir Tree 63
An Explorer 65
Love Lore 67
Work 68
Bubbles 69
Farther Lights 70
Trench Tractors 71
The Seed 72
Womanhood 72
A Frown and a Smile 73
Progress 74
Other Gods 75
The Reason Why 77
Time 78
My Telescope 80
A Dream 81
Humanity 83
Love's Dignity 83
The Pine 84
A Touch 85

Two Tasks 86
The Moon and the Star 88
A Messenger 90
The Songster 91
At Sunrise 93
Mother's Day 94
Flames That Are Now Are Low 95
The Present Trouble Will Not Long Endure 97
Soon Dawns The Day 98
Love Led The Way 99
Calvary 100
Why Need He Suffer More? 101
Redeeming Love 102
Just Think, If You Would Yield 103
He Leads Mè Still 104
Lift Me Higher 105
Resurrection 106
Learn Ye to Love 107
The Whole Day Due Tomorrow 108
Sunset Lane 109
The Portals of My Heart 110
Death in the Hamlet 111
At the Gate 111
Mount Olivet 112
Dost Fear to Pray? 113
Lillies of Galilee 114
The Teardrop at the Cross 115
He Rode With Kings 116
Nature's Darling 117

The Little Lad of Nazareth.

Among the fields of Nazareth
A slender lad we see,
Who, in the winding woodland path,
Makes friend of bird and bee.

He loves the flowers of the field,
He loves the summer sky;
He loves the insect's glittering shield,
The brooklet running by.

But most of all He loves His kind,
The people of the town,—
The halt, the lame, the sick, the blind
That He has always known.

He loves them with a lasting love,
This little lad of ours,
Who, loving Nature, loves to rove
Among the birds and flowers.

His Youth.

The lover of the lily then
  Became a manly youth;
A lover of His fellow men,
  A seeker after Truth.

With reverence for Nature's Law,
  And for the Law Divine
In Nature. Nature's God He saw,—
  God in the Law Divine.

He shared the sordid daily life,
  Its stinging poverty,
With loyal heart and meekness rare,
  And sweet humility.

In all His works, in all His ways
  He did His Father's will:
With loving loyalty and grace
  Went forth his place to fill.

His Manhood.

Whence came His purity of love?
Come, tell me if you can!
His heritage from realms above—
This God and perfect Man.

Must earth and Heaven silent be?
Who will the truth proclaim?
"My own Beloved Son is He,
Redeemer is His name."

The Father's Life, The Father's Word
And faithful image He,
Who bore the sins of all the world,—
Oh Calvary! Oh Calvary!

His tender Love, His deathless Love
Is our Redeemer's fame;
All in this world and Heaven above
Shall praise His Holy Name.

His Message.

Can mortal ever sense a part
  The smallest ray or less
Of such a love as fills His heart—
  Its intense tenderness?

There never was, there never will
  Be such a Love as His!
How can you, mortal, fail to thrill
  At tenderness like this?

The woman at the wayside well
  Felt something of its power;
And mark! this secret I must tell:—
  'Tis All power from this hour.

I Find Him Truer Than His Word.

I find Him truer than His word,
  This Saviour that I love;
And you and I can not afford
  To doubt this word above

All other words for wealth
  Of never-failing truth;
Of age the never-failing health,
  The strengthener of youth.

His word is true; as true as steel!
  But He is truer still.
We may through unseen cables feel
  A tenderness to thrill

The hardest heart that ever beat
  Within the human breast.
Come halfway and that Saviour meet,
  And trust Him for the rest.

He Knows Your Need, Dear Heart!

Dear heart! What depths of shame and woe
and sorrow
You spare yourself if you before tomorrow
Accept the gift above all gifts most dear,—
He'll do the rest, tired mortal, do not fear!

Accept the Love He offers you with feeling
Of greatest joy, and Soul,—accept it kneeling!
Look at them well, His torn hands, while you
kneel;
Don't shrink from them—You would not let
them heal.

Look at His feet, His side, this Man of
Sorrow!
Accept the gift—don't wait until tomorrow.
Of Earth's Gethsemane He knows each part—
He knows as well your every need, Dear
Heart!

You Cannot Conquer Love.

Must all His love, that boundless Love, be lost
To you and me, at what terrific cost
He only knows, who bids the waves be still,
And stops earth's thunder by His gentle will.

His message now is speeding on its way;
Its mighty import mortals may not stay.
Love conquers All,—you cannot conquer Love
Deep as the seas, and high as Heav'n above.

Deep as the ocean is that Love so free;
It conquers all things for it conquered me.
And know this truth, high as the Heav'ns above:—
Love conquers you! You cannot conquer Love!

Can You Wonder at the Joy That Fills My Heart?

Can you wonder at the joy that fills my heart
When I feel His glorious Love within me start?
Not in any least degree
Of that Love that's part of me
Must I lose or underestimate the worth.

For the Saviour who was dead and rose again
Has control of all my heart, and will remain
King of heart and soul and mind,
And with wonder I still find
That His deathless Love grows dearer day by day.
So that Love I sing to valley, hill and dale—
To the birds and bees and flowers I tell the tale!
And I tell it to you all,
To you sinners great and small,—
To the Sun and Moon and Stars and Heav'n and All.

His Patience Knew No Bounds.

When tired of all that barred my Heav'nward
way,
Of all the things that bade my footsteps stray
I trod, in helpessness, forbidden ground
His tender, loving patience knew no bounds.

And since His patience never yet gave way
I trust His love that never turned away
One single erring, longing, thirsting soul
To lead me with that patience to my goal.

Nor care I what my fate be here below,
My home is Heaven, to that goal I go.
'Tis easy now to shun forbidden grounds—
His tender, loving patience knew no bounds.

Love's Gift.

Love gave me life! There is no sweeter, dearer;
Love gave me light! There is no brighter, clearer.
But of what use would blinded vision be?
So it is well His face I cannot see.

I know He's near, I feel His presence ever;
My love is mine, and I am His forever.
But earthly sounds have dulled my mortal ear—
And it is well His voice I may not hear.

But when my spirit knows no earthly fetter
And I shall know my Dear Redeemer better—
Then men and angels join with me to sing,
And through Eternity His praise shall ring.

Simply Happy.

Simply happy is my sweetest song;
Simply happy as the day is long.
Happy when at home and happy when away,
Happy at my work, for then it seems but play!
Simply happy, sweetly happy all day long.

Simply happy! My eternal song;
Simply happy as the day is long.
Happy when in sorrow, happy still in death,
Happy with each dear delightful fleeting
breath—
Happiness is indeed Heaven all day long.

Simply happy in my Saviour's love—
Hear it sweetly echoed from the realms above.
Happy in this knowledge:—He has set me
free!
Free to love Him dearly and right royally;
Love Him from my very inmost heart.

Love.

The song the morning stars
  First sang in Paradise,
When, at its birth, the bars
  That shut out human eyes

Were lowered, is the light
  That found its way to earth;
And guide it as we might,
  'Twill always trace its birth.

We but suppress its song
  When we to mortal sight
Adjust, and focus wrong
  Its rays of glorious light.

Faith.

Win some one now for Jesus,
And sing to him of faith;—
A loving, tender Jesus,
A never ending Faith.

Some one who doubts and falters,
And stumbles on alone;
Our faith, as living altars,
Lends to our Saviour's Throne

A sweeter, nearer pathway
With Him as friend and guide,
And over trail and highway
He's ever by our side.

And we may find Life's Fountain
When trust is in our heart;
It turns to hill each mountain
When He becomes a part

Of every sweet emotion
In Nature's every art!
His Throne our hearts' devotion,
As we are in His Heart.

Daily Service.

Sing every day of your own desire,
For something is lifting you out of the mire
Of all that may hinder you in your song:—
Love Him and live for Him all day long.

Sing of His love in your own sweet way;
Love Him and live for Him day by day.
No other meaning may now be true—
All that you sing must be all of you.

All of your being and all of your heart,
And of your nature He must be a part;
Then for your own soul have no other fear
Than just this one that to Him you are dear.

Softly and gently and tenderly reared
You as His daughter will be more endeared
By your sweet willingness never to stray
Far from His own will. Just love and obey.

Song.

Anchored in Jesus I trust in His love,
And wait for a Peace to come down from
above;
Living in love as His glorious guest
To fill all our needs He's doing His best.

Sorrows may come, but we may not give way,
In His dear presence is strength for each day.
Nor may we ever His loving care doubt,—
He is as tender within as without.

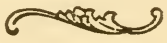
His loving helmet protects us from cold—
Other gifts come here from sources untold;
All of our morrows will show us this truth:—
He is as tender in age as in youth.

Love Him and trust Him, and sing ever true,
He died for others as well as for you.
No one may doubt He can cleanse all within—
Lighten His burden! Go ask others in.

Others who linger in sickening doubt;
Tell them He cleanses within and without.
Feeds then and garbs them, and leads them
with care,
Leads them in sorrow with tenderness rare.

Love of my life now my own Saviour is,—
No other truth may stand out like this.
No other theme my own song may grace
Than only this one that's crowning my days.

Song of my love! Then go out and win
Some other soul, and bid him come in;
Go bring the saddened ones one and all,—
Win them and lead them on with your call.



Arrows.

The fleetest arrow in this House of Sin
Is His who gave His life your own to win.

It is so sure, and yet so sweet and keen,
It must be felt in order to be seen.

Him, motive power in piercing Error's shield,
Be, tender heart, a target in His field.

All other arrows each may leave a scar—
His arrows heal, and never yet did mar

A saddened heart who came to Him for aid,
Because for healing every one was made.

And Sorrow's Son, your ever loving friend
Will to your healing all His power lend.

Hope.

Hope lives and blooms on Faith and Trust,
  And sometimes blooms alone;
It only dies because it must
  When touched by blighting tone

Of needless frosts. There is no need
  Of letting our hope die;
Another's hope our own may lead.
  Then never reason why.

Live on in Trust, and cherish Hope,
  And sing on joyously.
In darkened vale, on sunny slope
  Then blooms sweet Charity.

Charity.

In modest garb and winning way
  Of youth as well as age
Sings Charity her humble lay
  Alike to child and sage.

Nourished by love she grows to blend
  With Faith and Hope her song;
More lowly themes their essence lend
  To speed her growth along.

Although so varied, yet the same
  Theme runs her path along.
She is majestic in her aim
  Though lowly be her song.

She is to Love an open field,
  And softly we may try
How much of it our lives may yield
  Dear friend, both you and I.

Drillers of Wells.

Our Saviour's life, our Saviour's death,
  His passage through the grave
Is each and all full proof this breath
  Returns to Him who gave

Us life. We need no other word
  Than our own soul's response:—
To waste this life we can't afford,
  We walk this way but once.

We drill our wells, or dig our graves,
  And love, and only know
That God knows always how to save
  His creatures here below.

And we must not lose sight of acts
  That all are for the best;
And not o'erlook the desert tracts,
  That thirst like all the rest

Of God's great golden garden spot,
  His dearly loved Earth.
Then, dearest dear, neglect it not—
  The place that saw your birth.

But live, and work, and love, and bloom
  In swaying to and fro.
And let oblivion, death, and doom
  Do just as others do

That shrivel up and feed on ghosts,
And eat each other up.
Leave in the hands of Heaven's Hosts
The issue. Friends, look up!

Oh, mortal! Do not waste in strife
A day you live but once;
Count each a pearl, they are your life,—
The life you live but once.

Wheels within Wheels.

"Do unto others as ye would
That they should do to you."
But listen now! What if you should
Make something else come true?

Supposing now, you think like this:—
"His promise never failed;
He says,—Whatever measure is
The one that you've entailed

Upon yourself for friend and foe
To measure as his due
Will be the one that friend and foe
Will always give to you."

Then think:—"Now, this I want for me;
If I do thus and so
Unto my neighbor, it will be
But right that he should go

And give me just the thing I want.
I give him more than that
If I put on a smiling front
What I am driving at

I'm sure to get. What I give him
Is of no use to me.
I keep His law,—in finest trim
My own affairs will be."

Think you The Man of Galilee
Would e'er approve of this?
If deeds from self are not set free
The teaching is not His.

In purest selfless deeds of Love
Our Master's time was spent;
And with His services He wove
No thought of Self, but went

On quiet, lowly, humble deed,
Or loving errand bent.
And you and I are both agreed
No better life was spent.

No other life, no lesser aim
Is worth your while or mine;
Let's up and win in His own name,—
Come, friends, fall into line!

Fall into line, and softly tread
The path of loving deed.
Come, feast upon life-giving bread!
It meets your every need.

Billows of Rest.

Speak softly of His suffering,
But bear in mind His Cross;
Your soul His victory will bring
To victory, not loss.

For every pang your heart may feel
His heart will feel as well;
To Sorrow's Son make haste to kneel.
He knows and loves you well.

Leave every doubt and every fear—
Go, curb your arrant will;
Then, in your humbly willing ear,
He whispers "Peace, be still."

A Message.

A blossom smiled by the pathway—
  A tiny yellow flower;
The brambles grew thick about it,
  Yet it smiled on hour by hour.

So near it grew that human feet
  Would brush it time and again.
But the brambles above and about it
  Kept off from it harm and stain.

Those brambles that sucked the food
  Away from its tiny root
But served to protect the flower
  From the crush of the straying foot.

So the Master lets some things hinder,
  Some things hold us down;
But those things that seemingly check us
  But help us attain our crown.

What though the noise about us,
  The worry and toil and sin
Are holding us down! They flourish
  In order to let us in—

Into the growth of Eternity!
  Off from the things that have been!
In to the glory of Heaven!
  Out from the tumult of Sin.

Salvation.

Say, have you thought just when The Saviour wins?—
'Tis when you let Him save you from your sins!

His name is Jesus,—know you what it means,
This name on which a weary sinner leans?

The name received by Joseph as the One,
The only fitting one, for Mary's Son?

And do you think that Name will e'er impart
Relief to any but a willing heart?

And, think you, when you find that you are free,
That you will e'er a willing sinner be?

And, do you think when once He wins your heart,
That He is ever willing to depart?

Come, treat Him fairly, as you would a man,
And solve this problem, for I know you can!

This Name in which you trust that you can win
Will never save from anything but sin.

And not that other man's upon whose deeds
you frown—
The sins that Christ can save you from must
be your own.

And when that other man, and you, have
found that out
And find relief—Is there the smallest doubt

When you, and he, and neighbor, friend, and
foe,
And old, and young, and all men, high and
low,

Have come to Christ, and He has set them
free,—
The slightest doubt, think you, of what re-
sults might be?

No! That, and only that, will make this total
sum:—
The World for Christ will bring Millennium.

In Flight.

Two souls winged up from a noisome trench,
One was German, the other French.

Where thousands were hurrying to and fro,
And none of them knowing where to go,

These two wanderers slackened their pace
As each recognized the other's face.

As over the battle they greeted each other
The Frenchman said to his German brother:—

"Strange that we two here should meet,
And each of us bound for the Mercy Seat.

You killed me, and I killed you,
Each to his country staunch and true;

But here we journey we know not whither,
Let us make that journey in peace together."

The German silently grasped the hand
That on earth had been turned 'gainst his Fatherland.

Then said the German, as they travelled together
Onward and upward, they knew not whither:

"Come, let us drift to that nearest star
And rest awhile, and find out where we are!"

The heights grew higher, the depths grew deeper,
As they neared the star, and found the keeper.

The keeper silently looked them o'er,
He had seen such wanderers often before.

Then said the Frenchman, while scanning his face
Awed by his majesty, beauty, and grace:—

"We have come up from the battle yonder,
What is the name of this place, I wonder?"

The keeper smilingly shook his head—
You'll find that out for yourselves," he said.

"For to each wanderer that ever came
This place is known by a different name.

One called it Heaven, another one, Hell,—
What you may call it, I cannot tell."

"We have been travelling to and fro,
Pray, let us rest awhile with you!"

Then said the keeper, while showing a chamber
With walls of gold and a couch of amber,—

"This is the best that I can do—
There is room for one, but not for two!"

Up spoke the German:—"I'm the stronger,—
I can hold out a little longer;

And since you have not room for two,
Don't, I beg, let the Frenchman go!"

"If one of us must be turned away,"
The Frenchman said, "Let the German stay.

But of the two I'm the better sleeper,
I can rest on the floor if you'll let me, keeper."

"No!" thundered the German, "I've slept like
a log
While stuck in the mud in the midst of a bog!

You put your head on that pillow yonder,—
Mine shall rest on the floor just under!"

Said the keeper then with a gleam of mirth,
"Why didn't you set this going on earth?

"Behold the couch that held but one
The two can rest in comfort on!

"And the mansion of which this room is a part
Is just as big as your own heart."

Then they saw the walls—A flood of light!
The narrow chamber—A world of delight!

Thoughts.

They hover above us on shining wings
These shimmering, tender and beautiful
things;
We watch them in silence, and list to their
flutter,
On pinions of heaven. Our lips may not utter
But tiniest part of the message each brings
As they hover above us in widening rings.

We watch for their coming, and catch on the
wing
Some beautiful, tender and shimmering thing.
We catch them and clothe them in garments
of earth,
And selfishly think we have given them birth;
The circles e'er wider and wider grow,
But whence the origin we may not know!

Widening Circles

Our wider circles are streams of Love
In all things mortal and all above;
They hover above us, and touch our heart,
And fountains of Hope within us start
That surge and swell with immortal good,
And grow into tender immortal food.

These widening circles fainter grow
As we walk in Hope in this Here Below;
And as they swing farther from their nest
They grow in strength till they fill our breast.
We feel the growth of their unused wings,
We feel their power in their widening rings,
Till they stray from their nests within our
heart
And their own widening circles start.

And from these widening circles start
Fountains of joy within our heart;
They surge and bubble and swell within
And other widening circles spin,
Like intricate webs spun in Larger Lands
By wonderful, skillful, immortal Hands.

Ruth

A childless widow stands with foreign skies above
And wrings despairing hands in misery and love.

Full well she knows 'ere long her lonely path will run
With feeble. tottering steps along towards the setting sun.

And Ruth and Orpah must return to homes from which they came;
While their decision she must learn without a thought of blame.

They weep, they mourn, they wail, they stifle sigh and moan,—
Then Orpah turns to homeward trail, and Ruth is left alone.

Naomi turns and grieves to find Ruth, weeping at her knee;
Ruth's tender, tortured heart and mind Naomi could not see.

She could not see her tender love for things of childhood days;
The flowers beneath, the skies above, the wild birds' easy grace.

Each verdant field, each shady nook,—How
they entreat her stay!
The banks along the babbling brook—She can
not go away.

Her life upon the verdant plain has been a life
of bliss,—
Can she endure that deadening pain, and go
away like this?

When, through her tears, she tries to view
each dear familiar place
The dearest thing to her 'tis true, is sweet
Naomi's face.

"My daughter, why yet longer stay? The day
is dying fast;
The shadows deepen on your way!" Naomi
speaks at last.

"The shadows deepen, it is true,—Think
you I'll leave you? No!
My path will be the one where you and I to-
gether go.

Entreat me not to go; we must not linger here.
With you I now must go; the people you
hold dear

Shall be my people too, and your God mine
shall be,
And where you die I'll know where I must
buried be.

And may the God who now sees all that's in
my heart,
And who has heard my vow—If ever I depart

In any least degree, retract what here I've
said
As He sees fit to punish me, His wrath be on
my head."

A stranger Ruth goes forth far from her
home, to be
With love and simple worth, the stay of
Naomi.

Of poverty the two its very essence find
When Ruth asks leave to go into the field to
bind

The sheaves that she may glean where kind-
ly reapers bend
To strenuous tasks with sickles keen, and
merry shouts that rend

The balmy morning air till noon's oppressive
heat,
And tired workers there the owner's greeting
meet.

Responding to his cheer, with kindly thought
intent,
His trusted overseer his explanation lent

As Boas stays to ask "Whose may this damsel be,
In this most humble task? No Jewish maid is she."

This answer came at once in accents kind and slow:—
"One of Naomi's sons, whose story we all know

In far off Moab wed this maid, who at his death refused
To leave Naomi; though 'tis said she is to our ways unused

She now with ceaseless care performs this lowly task.
She stood this morning there so modestly to ask

If I would let her glean what our good reapers left;
And now we all have seen how tirelessly and deft

That slender arm and hand, that nimble foot can be
To, in a stranger land, find bread for Naomi."

With intent ear and eye looks Boas up at last
And sees Ruth standing by, with modest eye downcast.

"My daughter! Listen now, pray do not
leave my field;
Your story well I know. May God His bless-
ing yield."

"And, men,—this charge from me:—Let this
thing be your care—
Her sheaves must many be; may no one ever
dare

To hinder in the least this gentle damsel's will;
And let her thirst appeased be at the crocks
you fill."

She looks into his face and says while bend-
ing low:
"Why have I found such grace in your sight
that I now

Although I am not one like your handmaidens
here,
I have your kindness won for some one I hold
dear?"

"My daughter, well we know your tender
thought and care
For her whose furrowed brow you smooth
with patience rare.

And for whose faltering tread you smooth the
roughest ground;
Jehovah grant your head with blessings may
be crowned."

And Ruth's own worth in Bible truth is
shown,—
Of Orpah's fate on earth is very little known.

Error.

Speeding through every tiniest part,
Every sinew and every heart,
Every corner and every spot,
Every angle and every dot,
Error is making his heedless way,
Chasing life's beauty and love away.

Fearful in power he looms indeed,
As mighty in bulk as he is in speed!
Only one arm can aim at his head.
Sting his heel, and strike him dead!
Love is the arm and Love is the power—
Love is his master,—now is the hour!

Men and women, with love at your head,
Go find Error and strike him dead!
Strike at his altar, strike at his home,
Strike at his billows, and strike at his foam!
Strke at his bulk and strike at his speed!
Go kill his leader whose name is Greed.

Exterminate all of that slippery tribe
Who hang onto Greed and his steward Bribe!
Find them and crush them and burn at the stake
All that is aiding the slimy snake.
With Selfishness fanning the flame of Greed
The Snake of Hate is bred indeed.

'Never Fear, We Are Near.'

Angel voices whisper now
As we walk this vale below
On the place that saw our birth:
"Never fear,
We are near
Our beloved here on earth."

Tender voices every one
Whisper sweetly one by one
Thro'out sadness, gloom, or mirth:—
"Never fear,
We are near
Our beloved here on earth."

Sweetly now I hear them call
Gently, firmly, one and all,
Still with tenderness begirth:—
"Never fear,
We are near
Our beloved here on earth."

Wedding Poem.

There dwells deep down in each human heart,
  Alike most precious to high and lowly,
A thought of home, and it forms a part
  Of every mood, bright or melancholy;
    It grows with youth into manhood years,
    To own a home, with its joys and fears,
    He strives with a firm endeavor,
    With zest unabated ever.

No strife nor trifling may enter there,
  Nor words unjust or unkindly spoken!
For Love is ruler—let each beware
  Lest its scepter be bent or broken.
  For Love is shy,—Love may take wings
  'Mid all the bustle of common things
    Unless it is rooted deep—
    Rooted both firm and deep.

'Tis said that woman must know no fights,—
  That man alone may express her meaning;
That woman's effort to gain her rights
  Are wanton sheaves and not worth the gleaning.
    But fight she must, in her own sweet way,
    With all her weapons in bright array;
    And each must be right for use
    Without a question of truce.

Her loving smile drives each care away,—
  Her tender touch makes a burden lighter,

And if her handclasp sends Hate astray
She is indeed a most noble fighter.
With little foxes that may come in
She must make battle, and she must win—
No use with them to be tender,
For she must never surrender.

A home is sacred! How much indeed
Of Heaven is there within its portal!
No place for selfishness, lust or greed
Nor little sins that beset each mortal
Must e'er be found in this sacred spot,—
The finest purpose, the purest thought
Should dwell in a habitation
That proves the heart of a nation.

There is no praise in the world as sweet
As father's praise for his loyal daughter,
As, grown to womanhood, pure, discreet,
She proves the worth of the truths he taught her.
Let earthly beauty decay—It must!
Let gleaming ornaments turn to dust!
The finer beauty that we adore
Lasts truly forevermore.

There is no height that Love may not scale!
There is no distance Love may not cover!
There is no roadway, nor path, nor trail,
Too difficult for an ardent lover!
May God be with you. A happy life,
Both long and happy as man and wife
Be yours, apart or together,
In every kind of weather.

You and I.

What may we make of it, if we try,
This world we are living in, you and I?
A blessed old world or a sad old world?
A good old world or a bad old world?
A world for the true and the free—
A world fit for you and me.

What may we find in it if we try,
The home we are thinking of—you and I?
In all the world the cheeriest place,
Of all the faces the dearest face
We shall find in it, you and I?
In this home of ours by and by.

What may we make of it if we try,
This home we are planning, you and I?
A haven of refuge, solace, and rest,
A place to do and be our best—
A place where we are agreed
That Love shall reign indeed.

What may we be in it, if we try,—
This home we are making, you and I?
King and queen in this sacred spot,
Though we may be by the world forgot,—
Loving and loyal and free
In this home of ours, you and me!

What may the outcome be by and by
If we live our ideals, you and I?
Others who see us may wish to find
A home and hearth of the selfsame kind!
But they can't, you know, if they try,
For we won't be there, you and I!

Hymnal.

Well within a tangled forest sat a maiden all alone,
With the cedars all about her where the king of daylight shone.
And the grasses and the mosses vied in fragrance with the best,
And the winsome scarlet berries lent their brightness with the rest.

Fringe of moss and edge if leaflet had a beauty all its own—
One as dainty as the other, each as modest and unknown
As the maiden 'mid the tangles in that forest all alone,
With the sky and clouds above her on her mossclad woodland throne.

With the best of Heaven within her, with the best of Earth about—
The Creator's finest purpose, consecrated, pure, devout,
She was Lady of the realm where the king of daylight shone,—
A blue canopy above her, and a mossclad log her throne.

The Waterlily.

In a quiet little inlet to which many waters run
A modest waterlily spread its fragrance to the sun.
It had no thought for beauty and it had no thought for fame
Yet the finest of earth's beauty from that waterlily came.

It simply bloomed and blossomed as the God of Nature meant
When He placed the modest lily there to follow its own bent.
Its petals made its beauty, and its fragrance made its fame
Till you felt the lily's fragrance when you heard the lily's name.

That waterlily bared its heart and scented all the air,
Till the birds and all the insects thought that waterlily fair.
And it rested on the surface of the quiet water where
The Wanderer by the wayside came and saw the lily there.

Nor did those birds and insects who saw the
lily there
E'er know the silent depths from which the
lily drew its grace;
And only just the Wanderer knew where tiny
rootlets went
To find the bloom and fragrance that the
waterlily lent.

First Copy.

I wrote a tender little song—
  It seemed a sorry scrawl.
Some words were crossed, some others wrong,
  Some would not do at all.

The more I wrote the more I found
  The paper marked and blurred;
But through it all I caught the sound
  As if the songster whirred

In ever widening circles on
  Until, a tiny spot,
He seemed to rest when he had gone
  Where others saw him not.

But every one could hear him trill
  His wondrous melody,
And every one could feel the thrill
  Of heavenborn notes set free.

The song appeared in fairer form
  Upon a fairer page,—
This little love song, newly born,
  That would not die with age.

But how, until this task was done,
  I could have torn the true
Unsightly, scarred, original one
    I cannot see,—Can you?

Morning Worship in a Country Church.

The air is balmy, the wind is right,
The Sabbath morning is fair and bright.
In vale, on hillside, by winding ways
Where patient toilers on working days
All, one by one, to their labors plod
Today are seeking the House of God

Upon the hillside; its modest spire
Points toward Heaven. From mud and mire
It lifts the spirit. It lifts the mind
From earth, its pleasures, its sordid grind,
Its endless worry o'er gain of pelf,—
And leads the heart on to find itself.

The heart that, slowly like plodding worm,
Shall find itself, but in higher form,
A gleaming jewel when things that rust
And crack and crumble have turned to dust.
The heart that, softly, where others trod
In faith looks upward and faces God.

The door is open. The music peals
In deep-voiced thunder, or softly steals
In sweetest cadences to each ear
To which The Maker gave power to hear.
The door is open. All enter in,
And leave behind every thought of sin.

The preacher rises,—with kindling eye
He welcomes worshipers drawing nigh;
Gives out the hymn and leads on the song
To praise Jehovah,—his voice is strong.
Then others join in the song until
The hymn is finished and all is still.

Then reverently each bows the head; ,
The prayer is offered, the board is spread.
Each heart draws nearer the sacred goal,
The Bread of Life that can feed the soul.
For child and sage and lost one returned
Are all as one where faith is concerned.

The aged head with its fringe of gray,
The youth, the infant, all bend to pray.
A nameless peace now descends o'er all
From Him who hearkens before the call;
And each and all claim the sacred right
To catch a ray of eternal light.

The prayer is ended. The blessed Word
Of Him, the Mighty, the All-adored,
Is simply read by an earnest voice
That shames the hypocrite's babbling noise.
It points the way for the wayward son;
It warns and pleads with the erring one.

Lo! Through the window a ray of light
Bursts forth, and rests like a halo bright
About the head of the man who stands
Like yielding clay in The Master's hands;

It draws the mind to that crown of thorn,
By mortals made, and The Master worn.

Another hymn, and another prayer,
The benediction pronounced, and there
Begins the greeting of friend to friend,—
The morning worship is at an end.
With hearts at rest those who came to pray
Serenely homeward now wend their way.

A Melody.

The stars were sounding a record—
  A melody from the sky
To a plate both grooved and lacquered
  By a stranger passing by.

The moon was tuning another—
  A brilliant harpsichord
To make, in touch with the other,
  A melody unto The Lord.

The twigs in the sombre forest
  Were stringing Eaolean harps
To a harmony, ever the choicest
  Of sweet little flats and sharps.

The song, indeed, was the starlight—
  The harp the Wanderer's dreams;
The harpsichord tuned by the moonlight
  Was found in its tender beams.

The twigs and the lights and the silence
  Made melody unto the Lord.
That wonderful starry silence!
  That wonderful starry chord!

The Fir Tree.

In a sheltered valley, centuries ago,
Flowers and ferns and mosses side by side did grow,
By a peaceful river winding on its way
Where animals and reptiles, now extinct, too did stray.

Many lofty mountains guarded this fair spot;
And the winds and hurricanes, though raging, found it not.
Noble trees about the mountains in the valley grew;
Verdure there was ever fresh, and beautiful, and new,

Here, beside the river, 'mid ferns and grasses tall
Stood a little fir tree, tiniest of them all.
Watered by the dew and kissed by breeze and sun,
Its tiny needles found their way so shyly one by one.

So it lived in silence on, grew taller day by day,
Till at last it got entangled in a lump of clay.

How it happened no one knew, but only that
no more
The little fir tree lived and grew just where
it grew before,

Then it stayed for ages on deep down and out
of sight
Till one fair day quite suddenly again it came
to light;
And some one with a hammer in search of
things unknown
Found out by chance the silent lay within its
bed of stone.

How delicate the outline of the tiny little
thing!
From out of ages past it sent its greeting on
the wing.
And all who saw it marveled at so new and
strange a sight
As the little fir again was brought so sweetly
into light.

Just so, I think, God hides some souls away,—
So sweetly to surprise us the last day!

An Explorer.

He has all the world before him, he is playing with the globe;
With his chubby little fingers he is trying hard to probe
Beneath the shiny surface where the North Pole ought to be,
And the fruit of his researches he is holding out to me.

His mother has to watch him, oh so closely all the time,—
In spite of lovely azure eyes, in spite of smile sublime;
He has a grip of iron when he grabs a wisp of hair,
And we must keep our distance, for I'm sure he does not care.

He's apt to put into his mouth such things as make him sick,
But I've known boys of thirty do that very selfsame trick.
This little man will grow more wise—at least we hope he may
For he is just a tiny chap,—eleven months old today.

But he'll go on exploring and doing things
worth while—
He'll be a cheery worker, and keep his win-
ning smile.
His grip may be of iron, but I'm sure that he
will care
For all that's good and noble, for all that's
right and fair.

Love Lore.

When we can see in all things wells of beauty,
And all unite in hidden sympathy;
And trace the course of each and every duty
To its own source in lasting harmony,—
Then we may work and live our song,
Our own love song!

And when we sing so all the world may hear it,
And read life's meaning in our every mood;
And each and all live so as to endear it
As emblem of God's everlasting food.
Then we may sing as ne'er before
Our own love lore!

When we can see in each and every duty
A copy true of The Sublimer Face;
And all show forth their truth in living beauty
Earth will indeed be Love's own dwelling place.
Then all may sing as ne'er before
Their own love lore!

Then you and I, and all of earth's true lovers
May live and love, and truly loyal be
To God's own finer purpose, as it hovers
Above our heads as Love has set us free.
And Peace will circle wide and free
O'er you and me!

Work.

Work is what we make it,
  Cruel or kind,
Unless we can take it
  As part of the grind

That lifts, in each duty,
  Us upward to God;
Each one has its beauty
  Though clothed in sod.

It may be an engine,
  It may be a shaft;
It may be a life line
  In form of a craft.

It all is a body
  With God as its head,
And work is a study
  When Thought is the thread.

Bubbles.

Cobwebs in a doctor's office,
  Wrinkles in a youthful face;
Bitter in a lily's chalice,
  All are bubbles out of place.

As a mongrel in a manger,
  Or a songster out of tune
Is rebuke for decent stranger,
  Or are snowdrifts in life's June.

Although raining down as troubles,
  Or as shadows o'er the sun,
Hate, and Sin, and Sorrow's bubbles
  Must all burst when life is done.

Burst, and turn to finest vapor,
  Part of Nature's living breath;
Love the blower, love the shaper,—
  And will pass away at death.

Farther Lights.

The heavens declare the glory of God!
The firmament showeth the work of His Hand.
Orion, in splendor, far outshines the sod,
Though clothed in verdure each radiant strand.
The pale polar regions reflecting the glow
Of the day star when hidden, and far out of sight,
Is the gleam of the glow-worm that falters below,
Revealing the uttermost parts of His might.

The queen of the heavens on radiant wing
Is decking the altars where pale incense burns;
And these uttermost parts beyond her form a ring
Befitting the diadem for which He yearns,
Who is God of the universe, centre of life,
Most potent in peace, wholly lacking in strife;
And as fully removed from the folly of men
As the glow from the worm when the sun shines again.

And the day is at hand when, with joy unrestrained,
Men shall sing to His glory again as of yore.
The fountain of righteousness has not been drained,
But is surging and swelling as never before.
Go, sing to His glory! To Him praise is due.
Go sing your Hosannah! Go, sing and be true!
If you can't be Orion, or David, you know—
You may be the glow-worm that falters below.

Trench Tractors.

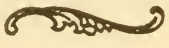
Are vaster armies of Love's own forces
Now being marshalled by God's own Hand.
And unseen fountains from unseen sources
Are finding channels at His command.

For soon the curtains are rent asunder
And Christ's own banner will be unfurled.
We cannot fathom what rests inunder
The silent depths of a sleeping world.

The Seed.

The mustard seed in the Garden of Life
Is not the Garden of Eden Strife.
The mustard seed sent down from above
Is found in the Garden of Eden Love!

It sprouts and grows and branches out—
Kingdom of God within and without.—
All may seek to build their nest;
Live, and Love, and sweetly rest.



Womanhood.

Woman is man's greatest blessing
In a new and clearer way;
In her inner life progressing
Out from night to perfect day,

Out from state of direst sorrow
Into Woman's perfect day,—
Woman's worth is Earth's own morrow,
Lifting Love from out of clay.

Lifting all things from Life's Dawning
To Love's own sweet morning dew:—
Love's own wonders need no fawning
To weave garments sweet and true.

A Frown and a Smile.

Some one smiled at her work today,
A joyous, radiant smile;
It chased a lingering frown away,
And made the living—worth while.

It added to Nature a wondrous charm,
A brightness to earth and sky.
And somehow it lent a strength to the arm—
A strength that naught may defy.

For frowns and smiles are powerful things,
And they work in a powerful way
For good or ill; and their speedy wings
Never tire of the rival play.

One may quicken, the other slay
The imps of the human heart.
Be careful then of your frowns today!
Be earnest and do your part.

Then came disaster, sudden, dire
Over these thousand souls;
Their gods were forgotten, thrown in the mire
Like so many cumbersome tools.
To The God of the universe, one and all
Now cried for help with one mighty call.
Think you He heeded their cry!

The Reason Why.

I could not sing my little song
  Though all the words were there;
And melody I knew full well,
  And bright the day and fair.
But though I tried and tried again
  To sing that simple lay
I could not sing it all day long,
  The music stayed away!

I looked within my heart, I saw
  A strange thing hiding there;
'Twas neither good, nor bright, nor fair,
  Nor gay, nor debonnaire.
I drove it out, that lurking thing,
  In deeper, sweeter strain
I sing again my little song,
  A tender, glad refrain!

Oft and again that dread thing tries
  To creep into my heart.
Oft and again I drive it off,—
  I know its every art.
Though but as yet a tiny thing,
  How sad will be my fate
If I allow to grow within
  That lurking traitor—Hate!

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Time.

A builder I know so gallant and gay,
So hopeful, cheery and strong,
Who is busy always for day by day
A roadway both wide and long

Is his to build. His twenty-four blocks
Must, each day, be put into place;
And he transforms even the roughest rocks
Into emblems of beauty and grace.

His trained chisel must trace on each square
Of that pavement solid and grand
The tale of the hour it was placed there
As record of sea and land.

He is tender hearted, this youthful Time,
And joyously writes of the good;
But his heart weeps blood over records of crime,
And he works in a saddened mood

On tales of plunder, greed, and shame,
That must be imprinted there,—
O'er deeds that darkness might fail to name,
But he chisels them all with care.

But in spite of it all this worker brave
Makes the pavement more lovely each year.
For but to do good so many men crave
Each fruit to his heart grows more dear.

And this theme of his song so joyously rings:—
"For the future have never a fear!
The world grows better, the Universe sings—
Grows better year by year."

He is working cheerily day by day,—
Working for you and me;
Busily working paving the way—
The way to Eternity!

My Telescope.

I claim a wonderful telescope
  I often use when the night is dark;
When billows roll round the land of Hope,
And frail and wind-tossed my little bark.

The darkest night given the clearest view;
  The roughest sea forms the surest way,—
The faintest heart shows the lenses true—
  So true I cannot be led astray.

For Faith, the wonderful telescope,
  Was made for use by a Hand Divine.
I found it one day—I had to stoop—
  I tested it, and call it mine!

A Dream.

I dreamed they were building a mansion fair
For my eternal home;
And they chose each stone with such wondrous care
They'd never reach the dome.

For I had to bring them the wherewith to build,
And I labored long and hard;
My heart with infinite sadness was filled,
For from heaven I thought I'd be barred.

My choicest materials were thrown away—
The fairest deeds I had done!
'Twas claimed they would crumble and decay
E're Eternity had begun.

"But what can I do!" I asked in despair
Of these builders of heavenly homes,
"If with all my toil and all my care
Not even a cabin comes?"

"Look well to your motives," one builder said
"They are brick and mortar and stone!
Of devotion and love the foundation is made,
Deeds will not do alone.

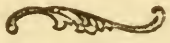
Do good all your life—if the motive be wrong
No mansion there will be for you!
And labor hard, or labor long,
Your bricks will be poor and few.

But a cooling cup in The Master's name
Builds a wall both wide and high;
And one loving deed will make the frame
Of your mansion in the sky!"

I awoke. The dream is with me still,
And I firmly believe it true,
That deeds with wrong motives, do what we will,
Are crumbling bricks. Don't you?

Humanity.

An Angel hovers underneath the sky,
And lends to generations passing by
A glory borrowed from Eternity.
Each ray but stays to set one mortal free;
And as each generation passes by
The Angel hovers underneath the sky.



Love's Dignity.

He told her of his love. She saw
Love's dignity in line of cheek and jaw,
And the proud bend of the beloved head.
Then shyly, with a smile, she laid
Her hand in his. And heart to heart they stood—
Entwined within eternal Beauty, and eternal Good.

The Pine.

Up from a boulder a pine tree grew
Tall and slender and straight as few.
That boulder was split by that pine tree's growing,
Simply growing, and not even knowing
Its own irrepressible force.

Some wind or other had carried the seed,
And into a crevice 'twas lost.—Indeed—
Are things ever lost, in this world I wonder?
That seed was lost, but the pinetree yonder
Today marks the place where it fell.

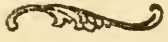
As year by year the pine tree grew,
Kissed by the sunlight, the wind, and the dew,
The heart of the boulder was slowly breaking,
Crumbling and cracking, splitting and breaking
From the growth of the tiny seed.

So you of today are bound to do,
Onward and upward to live and grow.
Boulders are split by your simply growing,
Your living and loving, and not even knowing
Your own irrepressible force.

Grow from the boulder of Hatred and Fear!
None but the hatred of evil rear.
Grow from traditions that fetter the spirit!
Learn to applaud only simple merit!
And only fear to do wrong.

Hate the evil! Such hate is right.
Fear it and fight it with all your might!
Fear to offend e'en the humblest being!
Fear like that is the spirit's freeing
From old traditional bonds.

Then, like the pine, you may rear your height
Up from the fetters that hold and blight
By their rocky grip all the joy of living.
Lift up your voices in glad thanksgiving
To the Author of Freedom and Might.



A Touch.

We send a tender little song
  Into the summer air;
It speeds eternity along,
  And leaves its glory there.

Two Tasks.

A gardener worked in his garden one day
With trowel and spade at hand;
And viewed with pleasure the gorgeous array
Of flowers from many a land.
The blossoms nodded and scented their best
As the sun sank slowly down to the west,
And the work for the day was done.

But he noted a slender lily that pined
For the cooling shade of the dell;
And a rose whose beauty the shade confined
Like a prisoner in his cell.
And he said: "On the morrow I'll change the two,
One longs for the place where the other can't grow.
And the rose loves the noonday sun."

At dawn of day he thought of his word,
And he worked till the task was done.
All were bought with a price, and he could not afford
The loss of a single one
Of rose, or lily, or mignonette,
And the royal rose was the gardener's pet,
The lily his pride and care.

He watered and tended each plant so well
And so faithfully day by day
That rare fragrance poured forth from the lily's bell,
And the rose in crimson array.
Both nodded so sweetly as each one said,
In a way of its own from its nice brown bed:
"We know that he understands."

Another Gardener works each day
In His garden, the wide, wide world.
Of the millions of blossoms in pleasing array
One to lose He cannot afford.
For the price that He paid for each tiny plant
Was so dear, and great, and vast, that He can't
Bear the loss of the tiniest one.

We are plants in His garden, and He doth know
How to train each plantlet well;
He knows where each may thrive and grow,
And develop each tiny cell
Of body, and soul, and mind, and heart,—
If we do ours, He'll do His part—
And we know that He understands.

The Moon and the Star.

Said the laughing moon to the splendid star
That glittered out in the sky:
"You poor little thing! I'm sorry you are
Not as big as the earth or I.
If you were you might play with me. Now the sun,
Though not as big as we,
Is really having a lot of fun
Playing hide and seek with me.

Though the earth is as big as thirteen suns,
And bright and shining as gold,
He never budges an inch,—the dunce—
He must be growing old!
But he is so lively, sprightly and spry!
How funny to see him run
From under me, over me, out in the sky,—
That funny old fellow, the sun!"

Thoughts travel fast, and they travel far,
And never miss the place.
So they reached the heart of the Lone Pole Star
Way out in the boundless space.
The Pole Star pondered, and looked about
To find whence the message came.
For you never can tell how it finds things out,
But it knows them just the same.

"Ah, I see!" said the Star, "It started somewhere
Round the little planet here
That circles that small sun over there
In a constellation near.
I believe they call it Tellus, or Earth,
And it has but one little moon,
As big as my smallest ray. What mirth
That little thing has all alone!"

A Messenger.

A bolt shot out of a clear blue sky
  Setting half of a world on fire.
And it made of the treasures of ages gone by
  A horrible funereal pyre.
It made the arm of the warrior numb,
It took from the hungry their only crumb,
And made the peace loving singer dumb,
  And altered the poet's theme.

Then out from deceitfulness of men
Emerged a peace-prompting voice again.
Love, in a clearer, sweeter strain
Came into its own on Earth again.
  Found a love-theme all its own
  That circled through every hamlet and
    town:
  "Mine is the Glory in all things known,
  In every world yet made!"

The Songster.

A shy little bird in the top of a pine
  Sang to the summer night;
His feathers were rumpled, and not at all fine,
  Nor fit to be shown to the light.

But he sang,—how he sang, that nightingale,
  And listeners stood spellbound!
They flocked to hear him o'er hill and vale,
  But the songster could not be found.

He thought he sang to the solitude
  And knew not of human ear;
And when he saw strange shapes intrude
  He flew away in fear.

And hid again in another glen,
  And again his notes did ring;
But many more came listening then
  For he could not choose but sing.

God grant you and I, like that nightingale,
  Are singing our own true song!
Singing it freely to hill and dale—
  Singing it clear and strong.

If living at all you are singing a song,
  Unheeding a listening ear.
Were you aware of a breathless throng
  You would flee away in fear.

And hie away to another sphere,
  And again your notes would ring;
But many more would listen there—
  For you cannot choose but sing.

At Sunrise.

Near the edge of a forest 'mid poppy and corn
I stood in the gray of the early morn
To wait for the rising sun.
With me waited songsters, whose clamor for food
Rose, plaintive and sad, from the depths of the woods,
Proclaiming the day begun.

The trees of the forest, the flowers of the field,
The insects and birds were all waiting to yield
Their homage to him of the sky.
The clouds were all resting, the winds were away,
On the breath of the morn rode odors of hay,
And poppy and corn and rye.

My eye swept the forest, at last to behold,
Away in the distance, a cloudlet of gold
That proclaimed the approach of the Sun.
Majestic, in splendor, the King of the Sky
Rose silently, grandly, serenely, on high—
A beautiful day had begun.

Mother's Day

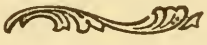
As clear, as unclouded as mother's love
  Dawns the second Sunday in May;
The blossoms beneath and the skies above
  Smile sweetly on Mother's Day.
And whether on one thing or other bent
A sweet carnation, by common consent
  Adorns the jacket or coat

Of soldier and sailor, merchant and priest,
  Of high and low in the town.
And "mother" reigns, for today at least,
  In each heart under jacket and gown.
What no one utters,—the tho't is unsaid,—
That sweet carnation speaks unafraid
  Of—"mother—the best in the world."

The man in khaki whose memory retains
  Dark scenes from the Philippines,
Or Cuba, perhaps, or whose hands bear stains
  This day from terror's scenes,
Today thinks of mother. Perhaps she is dead,
And the greensward covers her lowly bed,
  "My mother! God bless her," he breathes.

And the sailor lad:—"Wherever I roved,
Wherever a flag was unfurled,—
'Mong other boys' mothers I have but proved
My mother the best in the world!"
He says, as he touches the blossom with pride,
And looks far off. To that other side
Go the thoughts of the sailor lad.

And the merchant whose brain has been sadly perplexed
By problems of profit and loss,
And the priest who today, in his Sunday text,
Shows a glimpse of The Man on The Cross,
Each echoes the thought of the other's breast
Wherever that sweet carnation finds rest—
"My mother, the best in the world!"



Flames That Now Are Low

Starry skies now meeting
Darkest night retreating
From the rays now beating
O'er the roaring tide!
Lonely vigil keeping
O'er the earth now sleeping,
For its sins now weeping
Is the Ocean wide!

Morning light is breaking,
Free, just for the taking,
To the earth now waking
From her pagan dream!
Bright shall be the gleaming
Of the flames now dreaming,—
Truth, with beauty teeming,
Will right royal seem.

None were ever clearer,
None were ever nearer,
None were ever dearer,
Tho these flames are low,
To that One Great Being,
Who, from sin e'er fleeing,
With a mind all-seeing
Wrestles with them now!

To these flames now burning
Heart of God is turning
With a deeper yearning
Than we mortals know!
To the Truth within them
He will surely win them,
Tho gray distance dim them,—
Flames that now are low!

This Present Trouble Will Not Long Endure

Our Saviour's Love!—How grand a theme
to sing!
Our Saviour's Love!—Come let His mes-
sage ring.
Hark! Hear the notes now ringing clear and
pure:—
This present trouble will not long endure.
And you and I, and all the world beside,—
Come, open now your hearts, and open
wide
The door. For all your ills He knows the
cure!
And mark!—This trouble will not long
endure.

Look up! The skies are clearing. From
afar
We hail with joy the Bright and Morning
Star!
All stars are singing clear and true and
pure:—
This present trouble will not long endure!

Redeeming Love! the only lasting cure.
And well I know all else can not endure!

Love leads the way! Love lends the message wings!
Love is the message, and 'tis Love that sings!
And you and I, and all the world beside,
Come, open now your hearts, and open wide
The door. For all your ills He knows the cure.
And mark! This trouble will not long endure!

Soon Dawns the Day

Soon dawns the day when Earth's dull roar of thunder
Shall silenced be by angel voices yonder!

And Love's own realm this sin-drenched world shall be—
Its cherished ruler He of Galilee.

Behold The Man! Come, heed His tender pleading.
Look at His brow! His side, His hands are bleeding.
Come, make your choice, if choice there can be
Between death's rule and His of Galilee!

Love Led the Way

Love led the way, a thorny one to me,
For I was blind; that love I could not see
That trod the path none ever trod before,
And bore the burdens never mortal bore.

Love shed its radiance o'er my darkened way,
And now 'tis clear since Love has led the way.
His tender Love my deathless theme shall be
Who trod the path of dread Gethsemane.

And since that Love is dearer now by far
Than aught beside—It is my guiding star—
That deathless Love my endless theme shall be!
'Twill lead the way through all Eternity.

Oh, tender Love! Oh, faithful, bleeding Heart,
Whose depths I only understand in part!
My Love, my Life I consecrate again
Till Time's no more, for I shall know it then!

Calvary

There is a spot among Judea's hills
The thought of which my inmost being thrills!
The name is Calvary—He knew it well,
Who bought us free. Can mortal being tell

What boundless Love that broken Heart contained
Who loved the soldiers e'en whose spears were stained
With blood, each drop of which could buy a world,
And from the Cross His deathless challenge hurled?

What can we do but reverently bow
Our heads to Him upon whose thornclad brow
The agony that should be yours and mine
Its seal had set, and take that form Divine

Into our humbled heart and bid anew
Him to remain; and to ourselves be true!
Such Love is not of Earth! It emanates alone
About the Nazarene on Heaven's Throne.

Why Need He Suffer More?

You listen to the story of The Cross,
You're moved to tears, and then, my friend, you toss
That story from you, and right there and then
You crucify His tortured Heart again.

You're moved to tears! Your tears were never meant
To be the spear His tortured body rent.
Your fleeting pity is the rusty nail,
The bloody drop, the rocky, slanting trail.

You think about the thorns upon His head—
Now listen to me! What was that you said?
That those who placed that crown upon His brow
Were of the rabble! 'Twould not happen now!

You deem not right! Think you He suffers less
Because 'tis your more cultured hands that press
These thorns, those nails, those hours upon The Cross?
His is the agony, and yours—The loss!

Redeeming Love

Come ye who vainly claim attention's pages
To find within them precepts not a few!
Go, read again the Wisdom of The Ages,
And deem it worth your while to heed anew
The grand Redeeming Love of Him who bore
Upon The Cross the error at your door.

Go! Deem it right your Saviour's Love proclaiming,
For over all a clearer light is thrown
Since life on Earth a fairer form is claiming
In living thought of living love fullblown.
Redeeming Love again proclaims its own—
Instead of thorn it wears a gladder crown!

Its fairer form now lends to Life's own meaning
A finer Truth of Beauty's own decree;
Whose fairer forms are part of love's own gleaning
That sprang from out The Cross on Calvary.
And ministering angels all may be
Who are from aught but tenderness set free!

Just Think, if you Would Yield

You manly heart, just think if you would yield
Instead of having that dread contract sealed,
That makes The Saviour's death upon The Cross,
As far as you're concerned, a total loss!

Since you're a man you've suffered more or less,
And when you love you suffer. Now confess—
What must He suffer? Grasp it if you can,—
Who in His Heaven is God, and here a Man?

You know it's right. I think you understand;
Oh, come at once! Obey His calm command.
And if you love you're tender,—Can't you see
His world of tenderness for you and me?

Your love for Him will make your heaven here,
And for that other Heaven have no fear.
He who just now is suffering for your sins
Is He who knows full well 'tis LOVE that wins.

He Leads Me Still

What tho' the skies were sometimes overcast,
And shadows darkly 'cross my vision passed;
And even now, when tried by errant will,
This is my song:—I know He leads me still.

Full well I know it is His loving will
That, tho' I'm weak, His hand will lead me still;
And tho' I'm torn by briars on the way,
His tender Love will lead me all the way.

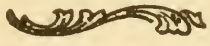
Come, you and I, and all the world beside,
Why will ye tear that tender, bleeding side?
The Truth that rings thro' Heaven and Earth is this:—
The bliss is yours, the agony is His!

So now I love Him wholly, not in part;
His gracious Presence fills my mind and heart.
'Tis why I speed this sunbeam on its way
Across the path where weary sinners stray.

And since I know this fact is doubly true,
And glory in it, sinner, why not you?
If of His Love you felt one single ray,
You would not for one moment longer stray.

He leads me still, and I am well content
To follow on and fulfill God's intent.
Nor care I now what all the world should will,
I know His tender Love must lead me still.

Oh, listen! Put your sin-stained hand in His,
And follow on to Heaven's own perfect bliss.
Don't shrink to touch that crushed and nail-torn Hand!
'Tis of His cross all you'll be asked to stand.



Lift Me Higher

Gentle Jesus lift me higher,
Bend me to Thy will!
Gentle Jesus, lift me higher,
Lift me higher still.

Gentle Jesus! On the mountain
We may grandly thrill,
But the truer Living Fountain
Whispers "Peace, be still!"

Gentle Jesus, may we ever
Listen to its tone!
Gentle Jesus, may we never
Try to walk alone.

Gentle Jesus, gentle Jesus
Lift me higher still!
Gentle Jesus! Gentle Jesus,
Lift me higher still.

Resurrection

Whom found they in the grave?
They found not Him whose body yestereve had lain,
By Roman horde irreverently rent and slain!
But Holy Angel, whom The Lord had sent,
That by his presence added glory lent
To Him beyond the grave.

Think not He there abides!
Think not the scepter mortals wrested from His Hand
Is wielded by another, and a stronger hand.
For the whole world The Master came to save,
And that means all within, without the grave,—
And bless them all besides.

He rose, and lives again.
His triumph over Death still more complete has grown
Since widely o'er the Earth His truths are known;
And, from within, He sees them all absorbed
By human hearts, that weary, heavy orbed
Hail Him who lives again.

Learn Ye to Love

Learn ye to love, and loving yield
Him from above in wisdom sealed
All that is good, and true, and pure
In every mood. That will endure.

Learn ye to love! Like all things else
Brought from above, it floods and swells
In living channels all around
When on Love's Mountain we are crowned.

Learn ye to love! And linger not
Where wisdom's glove e'er is forgot;
Or wisdom's story is untold,
Or folly's glory dims its gold.

Learn ye to love all He hath lent
And Wisdom's Head is well content.
Learn ye to long for light to live,
Learn ye to conquer, and forgive.

One Whole Day Due Tomorrow

One whole day is due tomorrow,
One day undimmed as yet
By care and sin and sorrow,
That memory can't forget!
One whole day yet in the making,
That's yours for the simple taking,
A day of God's own making,—
One whole long perfectly lovely day
Not—touched—yet!

Go, make of that one tomorrow
A thrillingly glad today
By lifting some other one's sorrow,
Now tempted to go astray!
For tomorrow is yet in the making,
And is yours by the simple taking
As one of God's own making,—
One whole long wonderful golden day
Not—touched—yet!

This thrillingly glad tomorrow
That you know is coming your way,
Undimmed by the sin and sorrow
That's reaping a harvest today,
Is one of your own making,
And is yours for the simple taking
As one of God's own making,—
This whole, long, wonderful, golden day
Not—touched—yet!

Sunset Lane

To Sunset Lane
Runs a cheery train
Of thoughts for young and old
In humble hut,
On soldier's cot,
Or in mansion studded with gold.

'Tis swift and sure,
And sweet and pure,
And it never stops in vain;
But leaves a store
At every door
That borders the Sunset Lane.

From Sunset Lane
Leads Twilight Lane
To a wonderful starry height;
Where sunset beams
Of twilight dreams
Hold wonderful walls of light.

A golden crown
Of sweet renown
Is held on a pinnacle there,
Reserved by right,
By the God of Light
For the one who placed it there.

The Portals of My Heart

As I'm sitting at the portals of my Heart
I can see a train of thoughts begin to start.
  Thoughts of honor, wealth, and fame,
  Thoughts I may not give a name
As I watch beside the portals of my Heart.

For they start within the portals of my Heart,
Are of me, and of my being form a part!
  Faithful they must ever be,
  For those thoughts that are of me
Are the very core and substance of my Heart.

And the thoughts that are for speeding set apart,
And are formed within the center of my Heart
  Must be winding on their way,
  And they will not brook delay
As they pass from out the portals of my Heart.

Of these thoughts that pass the portals of my Heart
All are winging out, and each must do its part;
  For each thought that's part of me,
  If of high or low degree
Must be speeded through the portals of my Heart.

Death in the Hamlet

Poisoned by labor centuries old
Haggard old woman to death is sold.
Nothing to show for a murdered life
Except the fate of an unloved wife!
Grown up daughters about her stand
Looking askance at her withered hand;
To their caprices ever a prey,
Death is more merciful than they.
Wayward son sheds for mother a tear,—
Withered old woman to him is dear.
Perhaps the last reckoning shows him true,
Whom the brunt of life put a little askew.

At the Gate

When life is at its best
We linger, fearful, at the final test,
Which, when it comes then seems no test at all.
And when the herald Death
Absolves the seraph Breath
Our vision, glorified, is lifted by the pall.

Mount Olivet

Mount Olivet must e'er remain
Assembled sympathy for pain
Since bore The Master on that day,
In sorrowful Gethsemane,
The burden never mortal bore,
And opened wide Salvation's door.

Mount Olivet! Thou art not dear
To Him whose suffering drew near
That fated hour, that fated day
In sorrowful Gethsemane!
Thou canst not fathom all thou art,
Within thy rockbound, stony heart.

Mount Olivet! Mount Olivet!
A tender fragrance lingers yet
About thy brow, about thy name,
Surmounted by The Master's fame.
Thou canst not fathom all thou art,
Within thy rockbound, stony heart!

Mount Olivet! Gethsemane
Is near The Master yet today
Since human hearts are hard like thine,
And wilfully His grace decline!
And can not fathom e'en a part
Of deathless Love within His heart.

Dost Fear to Pray?

Dost fear to pray? Go heed it not!
On life's fair page 'twill leave a blot.
I prayed in darkness, I prayed in light,
And every prayer was answered right.

And every prayer if e'er so bold
Will answered be if yet untold.
Go, pray in darkness! The God of light
Will hear that prayer, and answer right.

And every joy in gladness told
Will soar to Heaven on wings of gold.
That, in itself, is a prayer of light
That God in Heaven will answer right.

Dost fear to pray? Go, heed it not!
On Life's fair page must be no blot.
I prayed in darkness, I prayed in light,
And every prayer was answered right.

And every prayer in brightness given
Will find a readier way to Heaven
Than prayer of darkness, if e'er so right,
For God in Heaven doth love the light.

Lillies of Galilee

In glory shine the promises of God,
For Freedom breathes from out the sacred sod
That spreads its verdure out from sea to sea
Among the hills and vales of Galilee.
Let lillies grow again in Galilee!
Let freedom bloom anew from sea to sea!
And leave its fragrance with a tortured race
That bears the stamp of a Redeeming grace.

Fulfilled are now the prophecies of old,
By Holy Prophets reverently told.
And Freedom's Sun o'er Freedom's Soil shall shine
In Freedom's Garden, gentle Palestine!
Let lillies grow again in Galilee!
Let freedom bloom anew from sea to sea,
And leave its fragrance for a tortured race,
That bears the stamp of a Redeeming Grace.

The teardrop at the Cross

The teardrop at The Cross!
It was not shed by men
Who, lifting burdens from the earth again,
Must always suffer loss!
But by the woman who,
In silent agony,
Distilled its horrors, asking, "Must this be?
Why must He suffer so?"

The Sermon on the Mount!
It was not preached for those,
Who knowing God's own perfect truth yet choose
To make earth's drossness count.
But for the ones who seek
In tenderness the Truth,
That thro' the ages leads the heart of youth,
With lowly heart and meek.

That teardrop at the Cross!
That Sermon on the Mount!
Are links within the perfect chain that count
As magnets to The Cross.
Earth's fitful tenderness,
By earth's own sorrows roused,
And by earth's sadness generously housed,
Will never make them less.

He Rode With Kings

He rode with kings upon that sacred day
When palms were scattered broadcast o'er the way;
And stolen garments, by a jostling crowd,
That rent the air with acclamations loud.
He rode with kings! The chariots descending
With kings of Heaven, Jehovah's Son attending!
With earthborn sounds their own hosannah blending,
And led the path to glory never ending.

He rode alone upon that selfsame day,—
His faithful followers too glad to pray!
They saw the diadem of Judah's King,—
He saw the Thorn that to His brow would cling!
He rode alone! And led the path to glory.
Each century adds lustre to the story.
Tho' sad and lone that day, and torn and gory,
He rides today with kings to untold glory.

Nature's Darling

For him there is no death! There's a snapping of the thread,
The eternal of the carnal taking leave when he is dead.
Mind, the medium and basket, where the spirit joins the clay.
Soul, the carrier and casket, bears the jewel far away.

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